

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

This Paper is Devoted Especially to the Interests of the Farming Class.

VOL. 10, NO. 50.

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1893.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM

Official Directory of Pocahontas County

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
Deputy Sheriff, Geo. W. Callison.
Clk Co. Court, S. L. Brown.
Clk Cir. Court, J. H. Patterson.
Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
Com'r Co. Ct., (C. E. Beard, G. M. Kee, Amos Barlow.)
Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.
Coroner, Geo. P. Moore.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, 3rd Tuesday in June and 3rd Tuesday in October.

County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July July is levy term.

N. C. McNEIL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining Counties, and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,

Attorney-at-Law,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,

Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,
Huntersville, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,

Attorney-at-Law,
Lewisburg, W. Va.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.
Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Martinsburg, W. Va.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,

Attorney-at-law,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

D. R. O. J. CAMPBELL,

DENTIST,
Monterey, Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County, at least, twice a year.
The exact date of his visits will appear in this paper.

D. R. H. WEYMOUTH,

RESIDENT DENTIST,
Beverly, W. Va.

Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Has located at Marlinton. All calls promptly answered.
Office in the Skiles house.

C. J. ELLIOTT,

BUILDER.

Mill-wright & Carpenter.
Drafts and specifications furnished on application.

GREEN BANK, W. VA.

J. B. McNEILL,

AUCTIONEER,
BUCKEYE, W. VA.

Four miles below Marlinton. Business of this kind attended to anywhere in the State. Good reference.

C. B. Swecker,

Gen'l Auctioneer and
Real-estate Ag't

I sell Coal, Mineral and Timber land. Farms and Town lots a specialty. 21 years in the business. Correspondence solicited. Reference furnished. P. O. — Dunmore, W. Va. or Alexander, W. Va.

FOR DYSPEPSIA

Use Brown's Iron Bitters.
Physicians recommend it.
All dealers keep it. \$1.00 per bottle. Genuine has trade-mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

M. F. GIESEY
Architect and
Superintendent.
Room, 19, Reilly Block,
Wheeling, W. Va.

**J. B. SIMMONS,
TINNER.**
Repairs all sorts of tin-ware, tin roofs, and spouting. Patronage solicited. Satisfaction guaranteed.
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Insure in the
Peabody Insurance
Company.
Wheeling, W. Va.
Incorporated March, 1869.
Cash Capital \$100,000.00.
N. C. McNEIL, HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.
Ag't for Pocahontas County.

PREACHING APPOINTMENTS AT
THE MARLINTON CHURCH.
1st. and 3rd. Sundays at 11 a. m.
Rev. W. T. Price. 2nd. Sunday at 11 a. m., Rev. W. H. Hart. 2nd. Sunday 7 p. m., and 4th Sunday at 11 a. m. by Rev. C. M. Sarver. 2d. Sunday at 3 p. m. by Rev. G. S. Morgan.
Prayer-meeting Wednesday night at 7 o'clock.
Choir practice, Friday night at 8 p m

G. H. McLAUGHLIN
General Auctioneer.
Marlinton, W. Va.
Is prepared to meet all engagements promptly.

**HOTEL
MARLINTON,**
H. A. Yeager, Proprietor.
Situated near Bridge in the business part of town.

Meals ----- 25 cents.
Horse Feed 25 cents.
Terms: per day 1.00
per week 4.50
per month 15.00
Special arrangements made for table board.

IDEALS OF A COUNTRY
COUNTY SEAT.
No. 5.

Arthur was in Tassleville to kill a bear, having marked it as a favorite resort for all animals wild by nature, and he would "wegwet it excessively" if he did not get to see one. He was fitted for the slaughter, and looked almost fierce when he blew a great gob of compressed cigarette smoke from between his sternly set lips. A well balanced man was Arthur, with his hair parted in the middle, and two watch chains. He had a gun that he was secretly afraid of, and he made his headquarters at the principle hotel, where he and Squire Thomson would hold long, delightful confabs on abstruse subjects, whenever the Squire was thoroughly and philosophically drunk.

It soon became apparent that Arthur wanted to kill a bear. Never was the topic so thoroughly discussed, and there were one or two professional liars who told him bloody tales of encounters with bears, and would have as easily fabricated tales of the killing of bull elephants.

The boys took the hint quickly, and fed his morbidness on the subject with tales of having seen a bear, or a sheep recently killed by one, that day at a certain place.

Arthur went out with his gun every day, but did not leave the road, for he was thoroughly convinced that he would see one soon, and he wished to have the advantage of a good footing on the tramp's native heath, the road.

A boy once told him that he had never seen a bear, though he had lived in Tassleville all his life, and Arthur thought the boy was giving him a "stiff one" to believe. But though every evening at the store the boys told trash tales of bear sign, Arthur was beginning to get tired, and had almost resolved to leave the road and plunge into the woods, for he was sworn to slaughter, and he had drawn no blood yet.

The boys thought it was a pity that he should have no chance to try his hand at a shot, and finally devised a scheme to give him the substance of a bear hunter's emotions.

In the commons were John Simpson's sheep, forever lying, and sometimes dying, under the floor of some building, eating the grass off, down into the ground, and living on their unhealthy lives, with the dust in their wool changing them to a dirty, sickening yellow. Moreover these sheep, while ranging in the mountains earlier in the season, had actually been attacked by bears, and some of them killed. Since then they had refused to stay in the mountains when taken there, always coming back and staying around, looking hot and uncomfortable as they may be.

One old wether was especially big and strong. He wouldn't get fat, and had been kept over several years now, in hopes he would be in condition to be marketed next. It would seem that he knew the danger of getting fat. On this sheep the boys intended to arrange a bear skin that had been brought to the store, and was valueless on account of injury.

Near dusk one evening an interesting event was taking place in the barn near the commons, where the boys had the old wether down and were fitting the bear skin on him, by the aid of strong cloth to complete the dress. The sheep had a black face, as so many well bred sheep have, and after he had been well stuffed out with straw, and that subtle essence, bear oil poured over him, he looked very big and black, and had an uncommon smell.

Of course when he was turned loose he attempted to join the rest of the flock but he never got near them. Around and about the village they ran, the encumbered old wether not making so good time, but following in such a way that it looked very much like a very corpulent old bear, too fat to run fast.

A fellow ran to tell Arthur that a bear was chasing Simpson's sheep, and to bring his big gun quick. Arthur came right well, and was led to a point by which the sheep were coming as hard as they could, with the old wether making tolerable time behind. The fellow who had guided Arthur, now took to his heels and left the town hunter in a very embarrassing position, of which he partially relieved himself by climbing into a scrub oak.

From that safe position he emptied the magazine of his Winchester as fast as a man could count, at the black pursuer, without checking his rate of speed.

All his ammunition gone, he had to return, and it was then quite dark.

The next day he very bravely went to find traces of blood and the bear, and no one will ever know how he came up with them. Probably the black wether had made up his mind to stay by himself awhile and Arthur crawled up on him and shot him, for he was as tame as a cat. Anyway an hour brought him

back, saying that he had killed an "Enormously large bear," and would like some help in bringing him in.

Simpson was sent for, and all went in search of the game, which they found in a thicket of thorn bushes, near the creek. When the sheep's body was revealed, Simpson recognized the old wether, and swore he had been offered \$10 for it the day before, and that he wished he had taken it. Then some one suggested that Arthur would undoubtedly make it satisfactory, which he did by producing a bill of a less sickly green than his face.

We lost the town hunter that same day, and everybody came out even, except the "sucker," and he knows what it is "to be there."

FIREMAN BILL.

Was the college name of Gov. McCorkle, and his head would lie much easier were he still in an humbler position. He has entangled himself in a thousand different ways, and the numerous splashes that passed unnoticed in the excitement of the active campaign are becoming more and more apparent, and bid fair to become indelible stains on his escutcheon.

In these days when the battle is not for the strong or swift, the mis-carriages of right are accepted and the present endured, rather than hope for the future should demand our attention, than a revolt against the things that be. However, as this may argue that everything that has been, should have been accepted without protest, we are at no wiser conclusion than before we heard the advice of submitting to the powers that be.

The Governor is having a hard time to make both ends meet, owing to the existence of numerous obligations made before election, a pernicious practice of politicians of a certain class, that Cicero fought and exposed, and his disposition to act a thousand times before thinking once, has led to an erratic placing of men, and wild speculation on the part of West Virginia editors as to what the joss would do in a hypothetical case, i. e., if Senator Faulkner were appointed judge.

We do not belong to that class of editors who speak through an able journal, after filling up on whiskey, in fiery editorials that shake a man to his foundations, but we have had no use for this man since he slapped a spallish gentleman, Marshall White, in the face for an indiscreet remark about Jefferson Davis, anymore than we would have for a mule that had kicked our great grandmother in the neck. He is in a position now to feel the recoil of his mistakes, and the Chiltons and other managers may yet have on their hands the mortal remains of an obstreperous governor, who has proved himself much too active for the figure head business.

WOOL.

There is not a downright Republican paper in the state but has lifted up its voice and brayed about the reduction in the price of wool, coming in the spring of the year in which the Democrats went into power. They do not bear in mind that as the wheat sowed under the Harrison administration developed into wheat this year, so the harvest under the McKinley Bill is ever ripening until the new administration can have time to repeal in a proper and decorous manner. For the first six months what can Cleveland, and all that follow in his

train, do! The expulsion of rascals for rascals, can have no radical effect of a law, detrimental to us, put upon us in a constitutional manner. The only Democratic and enlightened way to attack that law is to go through those safe and well defined ways laid down in the constitution.

The tariff law in effect in 1893, was made by a Republican Congress at the instigation of that arch fiend McKinley, and it is beginning to show that wool would depreciate under it as the great Democratic leaders predicted it would. Because the crop sowed long ago is beginning to ripen, don't blame the custodians of the field, if it has come into their possession but recently, especially if they promise that it shall become fruitful and prosperous so far as it lies in their power to transform and redeem.

JUSTICES.

Though asked to write something on the subject of the West Virginia justices of the peace, we feel in doing so that we will in a measure be departing from the wise, well known, of saying nothing when good cannot be said.

Often when the sad sight of the justice, with his foot in a sling, makes a bad fall down, the observer is inclined to believe that he is not only blind, but deaf, dumb and ignorant. The fundamental principles of the law have made the rights by which ten cents is to be recovered as well defined, and calling for as nice discrimination, as if it were \$10,000. Therefore the justice finds himself called on to pass on questions, that a circuit judge may shift, to a certain extent, by aid of a jury and bar, were they in the latter's court.

To see a grown, intelligent man sit through an arbitration, giving no more sign of life than a mummy never asking a question, and at the end to say, "I decide for the plaintiff," or otherwise, never condescending to give the reasons by which he arrived at his conclusions, is enough to make one weep for the State, when we consider that his jurisdiction extends to a sum that covers most litigations in the country.

PERTINENT

To our deplorable situation is the following clipping from the Baltimore Sun, a journal wonderfully free from sensational reports:

Sixty miles from the mouth of Gauley River is Camden on the Gauley, the present terminus of the West Virginia and Pittsburg Railroad, which with the Baltimore and Ohio, is extending its lateral lines in all directions in the northern part of West Virginia's coal and coking region. It is to the iron and glass furnaces of Pittsburg and Wheeling that the West Virginia and Pittsburg Railroad look for its chief market for its timber and coal, but its intimate relations with the Baltimore and Ohio insure its free outlet eastward to Baltimore. The opposing interest is that of the West Virginia Central, which aims to occupy the coal fields of Webster and Nicholas counties. It has already occupied Mineral, Grant, Tucker and Randolph counties and is pushing northward through Barbour and Taylor counties to Grafton. Here it will form a junction with a Pennsylvania company which proposes to build a road from Fairchance Pa. to Grafton. The two companies operating together, contemplate an extension into Pocahontas county, to connect at Marlinton with the Warm Springs branch of the C. & O.

The above is no part of the Scriptures, consequently not so true.